

Mechanic Apprentice.

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GEORGE H. MONROE, }

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It is a title that the best of men
Might wear on high, and blazon on his crest,
As of more import than an empty name.
A learner how to make! to be like God;
The great mechanic of the universe.
A learner! Would that all earth's mighty ones,
Who sway the future destinies of man,
Would stoop them from their proud and lofty state,
Unwrap the cloak of error from their forms,
And deign to learn of truth's inspiring lips.
It well becomes the wisest man to learn,
For all are learners in the sight of God.
A maker! Ah, cast back thy memory's eye
O'er the dark pages of man's past career,
And tell us then, if calculation yet
Starts not, aghast at the tremendous sum,
If, in the stead of madly rushing on
Destruction's path of rapine and of blood,
All had been *makers* since man's earliest birth,
Oh what a glorious, happy world were this!
Strive on, Apprentice; wear thy title like
The jeweled star upon a princely breast:
The day is dawning when the world will look
Upon its lustre, as outshining all
The gems and diamonds that kings e'er wore.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

There are a large number of persons in the community, who, instead of condemning, like some of our radical philosophers, the whole framework of society, are content to remain in the old, original, and long-established world, confident that, by gradually removing, one by one, those evils which exist in the present order of things, and by endeavoring to ameliorate the condition of all who stand in need either of mental and moral culture or of the necessities and comforts of life—by lending a hand to every good cause—that, by these means, the aspect of society may be so changed, as to mirror from its surface a little more clearly the image of the Almighty, than it has done since that long-lost period, when "God made man in his own image, and he was good;" and this too, without sweeping into the abyss of oblivion, all those time-worn and time-hallowed forms, customs, and grades of social existence, which have become, by lapse of ages, a part almost of the nature of man. Partaking, in a greater or less degree, of the growing enlightenment of the nineteenth century, they perceive hope for mankind in the onward progress of that enlightenment, and are generous and true-hearted enough to do all within their power to further, or at least to take an interest in, that happy progress.

On the heads of such men, the Mechanic Apprentices of Boston should not be the last to invoke a blessing.

By the kind liberality of such as these, have they been enabled to obtain that for themselves, which, though but a small amount of worldly riches is sufficient to procure, yet, for the withdrawal of which, not untold wealth could compensate them. By their aid have they been enabled to associate themselves together for the purpose of mutual improvement, for the purpose of acquiring knowledge, of cultivating

the moral and social faculties, of extending and spreading wide the circle of friendship and good fellowship, and of inculcating and promoting in their own minds and those of their fellows, an ardent desire and a living interest in pursuits of an intellectual character.

The Mechanic Apprentices of Boston, we trust, or, at least, the associated portion of them, feel this sensibly and acutely, as it becomes them to do. They know that beyond their place of happy meeting, many a true heart looks with kindest sympathies on their endeavors in the cause of self-improvement; and, knowing this, they cannot but feel both pleasure in, and gratitude for, the interest which has been manifested in their useful operations. And whenever the time comes round for them to meet those whom they cannot designate by any more appropriate title than *their friends*, whenever a celebration, an exhibition, or a lecture, gives them an opportunity to greet once more those who first launched their association upon the wide waters of the world, who watched over it in its infancy, who sympathized with its members in their depression, who raised them to prosperity, and who joyed with them in their hour of triumph over adverse fortune, it is not with an unmoved countenance, or an unquickened pulse, that the Mechanic Apprentice regards his more than pecuniary benefactors.

And when, at length, the purposes for which the association was formed have been so far attained, as to warrant its members in reporting the progress which they have made, it is, surely, their bounden duty to offer those who have so kindly shown an interest in their welfare, the best assurances in their power that that interest has been turned to a good account. With a view to the fulfilment of this important, and, at the same time, pleasing duty, have they from time to time held their anniversary meetings and elocutionary exhibitions, bringing, as it were, to those who have enclosed and planted their garden, the first-fruits of that culture, which will develop itself through every stage of after-life, in duty well performed, in upright conduct, and in acknowledged ability. But there is something yet wanting to lend publicity to the nature and results of our plans of operation, there is something yet wanting to establish an immediate intercourse between the association and its friends—to bri them, as it were, face to face. And more than this; we need some mode of communication, by means of which the associated apprentices may draw toward them those of their fellows who are as yet strangers to their society; we need something to bring them up to the work of self-improvement, and something that will also stimulate them to exertion, after they have commenced the good work.

To supply these wants has the "MECHANIC APPRENTICE" been issued. It is intended to be the connecting link between the association and its friends, the avant-courier of our recruiting serjeants, and, we hope, the official organ and mouth-piece of the association. The apprentice will look upon its columns

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with pride and satisfaction, as emanating from those of his own station in life, and will at once resolve to become a member of so good a society—the young member will look up to it as a goal to which he will aspire to be worthy, at some future day, of contributing his share toward its literary support—for its members it will act as an incentive to mental exertion, and to our friends, its readers, we trust it will afford gratification and not uninteresting amusement.

These, then, are our views, these our motives for having presumed to desire the attention of our readers. It is for them to say whether those views are correct, and, if so, to support us in our grateful task. Of our present number we can say but little. Produced under by no means the most flattering circumstances, it is scarcely, perhaps, an earnest of what in future can be produced; we trust, however, that, as it is, it is not unworthy the attention of the reader. But it is not for us to stand in the double capacity of editor and critic; we leave the latter office to those of our friends who are willing to take it upon them, with this assurance, that we seek to acquire for our magazine, no higher station than it shall be found to deserve.

TO OUR MEMBERS.

The "Mechanic Apprentice" has made its appearance—the first step has been surmounted, and we are ready for our onward journey. But we would have a word to say to you, fellow members, on the commencement of the undertaking, and it is this, *we expect every one of you to do his duty.* It behoves us all to be up and doing in its behalf, and not to relax our efforts until entire success attends our enterprise. There are two particulars connected with it, which must be diligently attended to, namely, its circulation, and its literary support. For its circulation we must use our utmost endeavors; we must hand round our prospectuses to all our friends, and if we rely only upon the fairness of our pretensions, we may feel assured of receiving a sufficient share of the public support. For the proper and adequate supply of literary matter to its columns, we should resolve never to let indifference unnerve our minds, and weaken our efforts. And lest a doubt in the stability of our undertaking should intervene between us and the consummation of our desires, be assured that our paper must and will succeed, and for good and substantial reasons. But a few hundred subscribers are necessary for its support, and more than a week since we had enough names on our lists, to warrant us in publishing our paper the whole year, in the manner this first number was issued, namely, by the labor of our fellow-apprentices. Since then so many new lists have been handed in, that we have certainty of entire success, and remember this, that there are those engaged in it, who, with means of more than one kind at their disposal, will not fail to use every exertion in its behalf. With this assurance, we say to you, persevere in your labors, and when, as we expect, prosperity shall crown our efforts, the "MECHANIC APPRENTICE," enlarged and improved, will take its place in the family circle by many a happy fireside, in the hands of hundreds who will look back with pleasure and satisfaction to the day when it was first started.

"PRESS ON."

This is a speech, brief, but full of inspiration, and opening the way to all victory. The mystery of Napoleon's career was this; under all difficulties and discouragements, "*press on.*" It solves the problems of all heroes; it is the rule by which to weigh all wonderful successes and triumphal marches to fortune and genius. It should be the motto of all, old and young, high and low, fortunate and unfortunate, so called.

"*Press on.*" Never despair, never be discouraged; however stormy the heavens, however dark the way, however great the difficulties, and repeated the failures, "*press on.*"

Apprentices, if in after life fortune play false with you, do you prove true for yourselves. If riches take wings and leave you, do not weep your lives away; but be up and doing, and retrieve your losses by new energies and action. If unfortunate bargains derange business, do not fold your arms and give up all as lost, but stir yourselves and work the more vigorously.

If those whom you have trusted betray you, do not be discouraged, do not idly weep, but "*press on,*" find others; or, what is better, learn to live within yourself. Let the foolishness of yesterday make you wise to-day. If your affections have been poured out like water in the desert, do not sit down and perish of thirst; but "*press on,*" a beautiful oasis is before you, and you may reach it if you will. If another should be false to you, do not increase the evil by being false to yourself. Do not say the world has lost its poetry and beauty, it is not so; and, even if it be, make your own poetry and beauty by a brave, a true, and, above all, a useful life.

H.

A BLIND TAILOR.

An article has lately appeared in many of the public prints, relative to a poor woman, the wife of a weaver at Cambusbarron, in Scotland, who, although totally blind, has the rare faculty of discriminating between the different colors used on the worsted thread which passes through her hand. No doubt that woman possesses the sense of touch or feeling to a singularly nice degree; but it is certain that she does so to no higher degree of perfection than it is possessed by Sandy Martin, the blind Harris tailor. Poor Sandy, now a middle-aged man, lost his sight in early youth by small pox, yet so wonderfully does he possess the sense of touch, that the loss of vision seems to have caused him but little inconvenience. Of all the tailors in the island, none are in greater repute than Sandy, and deservedly, too, for in reality, he is surpassed by none. Although stone blind, he places his customer before him, measures him quite scientifically, cuts his cloth with rigid economy, sews it firmly, smooths it neatly, and, in short, finishes the job to the entire satisfaction of his employer. But what is more surprising still, suppose that the piece which he has to work upon be tartan, let it be however so fine and uncommon, he has the faculty of tracing out the stripes, squares, and angles of the fabric, by mere delicacy of touch. It is well known, that tailors who have the sight of both eyes, experience, at times, no ordinary difficulty in cutting and finishing a Highland tartan coat, so as to make the different squares in the cloth to coalesce diagonally at the back, and to meet angularly with mathematical correctness. But in doing this, blind Sandy Martin never fails, and is not known to have committed a mistake. Not satisfied with the trade of tailor, he wishes to have two strings to his bow, and acts the shoemaker also. He can cut, shape, sew, and finish a pair of shoes, as firmly and neatly as most men; and his jobs, when finished, show no indications that the performer never saw what he so exquisitely handled. In one word, he fails but seldom in any work which he takes in hand. This poor man unquestionably furnishes a striking proof of the extent to which one sense may be improved by the deprivation of another, for, undoubtedly, the want of the sense of sight in this individual is the cause of the perfection to which he carries that of touch.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

Of all the evil practises which have tended to disgrace human nature, and cast a shade over the beauties of civilization, the slave trade is, perhaps, more than any other abhorrent to all those principles of honor and justice which God and nature have implanted in our breasts. As we glance our eye over the pages of history, and see there recorded the fact of its long continued existence among the nations of the earth, and that too among nations the most civilized, and the most elevated in the scale of religion and humanity, we can scarcely credit the evidences of our senses, and are reluctantly obliged to confess our faith in human nature much weakened by the result of our researches. We see men—christian men—men who pretend, in their individual capacity, to be governed by no other rule of action than that golden one laid down by our Saviour, and who in their national character have expressly declared that men are created free and equal, have yet openly and unblushingly tolerated this trade in human flesh. There seems to have prevailed a moral turpitude in the mind of mankind, of a most alarming character, with regard to the whole system of African slavery; and not the least remarkable feature of this is, that it has, if anything, most affected the inhabitants of countries where the rights of man in every other particular are held in the greatest respect. With shame be it said, that here, even in these free United States, where we have made it our proudest boast that life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are secured to all, that system was allowed to be practised until within a few years. But men could not be so besotted forever; a nobler spirit began to prevail, and the hand of humanity at length interposed to stay the evil. Prompt and efficient measures were taken to arrest its progress, and virtuous and philanthropic men seemed to realize its demoralizing effects, and to put forth some energy to oppose it. Under the system of measures agreed upon for its extinction, men have since become lulled into security with regard to the subject, and have been led to think that, having taken what they deemed all necessary coercive measures for its suppression, the evil must inevitably die away.

Late experience has proved how mistaken they have been in regard to this matter. A document has been laid before the American people which exposes the most startling facts with regard to this subject—which shows that so far from the slave trade having become extinct, it is now carried on to an alarming extent, and that too, by vessels engaged in the American service, and owned by American citizens. The statements made in that document, are enough to make the blood boil in the veins of any person having the least regard for the interest of humanity. They show us that we have yet to contend in this matter against the depravity of the human heart—that all our laws, all our sermons on morality, and all our appeals to the finer feelings of mankind, have as yet been of comparatively little avail when placed in opposition to men's evil tendencies. They give us a new instance of the power the love of filthy lucre has to stifle every thing noble, humane, and religious in the heart of man, and warn us again to be ever on our guard against vice, whether it appear in a covert and insidious manner, or assume a more bold and unblushing form.

It appears, from the document above mentioned, that the mode of prosecuting the trade, as at present practised, is briefly as follows. A ship is fitted out at some American port, to sail for Liverpool, by the way of Rio Janeiro. Upon arriving at the last-named port, a negotiation is entered into, by which she is sold to some notorious slave dealer, to be delivered on the

coast of Africa. The bargain is concluded, the papers signed, and the ship, after the arrangement of due preliminaries, sails for the port of her original destination. Upon arriving there, her cargo is discharged, and she is immediately refitted with a cargo of dry goods, nails, ammunition, &c., articles known in the trade by the name of "coast goods," and sets sail for Africa. There she discharges a part of her cargo, and remains waiting further orders. In the mean time, another vessel sails from Rio Janeiro, direct for the coast of Africa, with a Brazilian master and crew as passengers, who, upon their arrival, are immediately transferred to the vessel which first sailed, which vessel, by virtue of an agreement previously entered into, becomes their property. Her original crew are then placed in the vessel which last arrived, and thus an exchange is effected between the crews of the two vessels, the one returning to Rio Janeiro, and the other (would it were not true, but the evidence is such, that no person in his senses could doubt it,) immediately enters upon the nefarious traffic in human flesh!

This account of the manner in which the trade is carried on, is but an abridgment of the statement of Mr. Wise, our minister at Rio Janeiro, in his letter to the British minister at the same place, and he pledges himself to prove its correctness.

Thus we see one of the many ingenious devices, by means of which the followers of evil contrive to evade the laws passed by society against this crime, and the manner in which they have heretofore eluded all attempts to bring them to the punishment which they so justly merit. We see that men have, in defiance of all law, under cover of the American flag, and with the connivance of American citizens, owners of the vessels in which the traffic is carried on, pursued a systematic plan for the prosecution of the slave-trade, and have thus far with impunity succeeded in repeatedly violating the laws, not of the United States alone, but of the whole civilized world. Under such circumstances, does not humanity, and a regard for the welfare of society, require of us as individuals and as a government, to take some decisive measures for the immediate suppression of this appalling traffic? Is not our government imperatively called upon to prevent the desecration of our flag, by not suffering it for one moment longer to be engaged in that traffic? Is it not called upon to bring to justice any of its citizens who may knowingly, whether directly or indirectly, hold connection with those who carry on such inhuman dealings. I trust there will be but one sentiment with regard to this matter, and that we may, one and all, be actuated by a spirit of determination to exterminate the system, root and branch, and to fasten such obloquy upon the names of those inhuman ruffians who are engaged in it, as will make them scorned and detested of all men. And, in this connection, it is but an act of justice to refer to the conduct of our minister at Brazil. He has entered into the contest with all the ardor of that chivalric temperament which seems to characterize the sons of the south. Let the people and the press of this country use their utmost endeavors to cheer him on, for truly he has taken a noble stand in the cause of right. Let even his enemies now be willing to throw to the winds any little prejudice which they may have cherished against him, and give him that generous and manly support, to which his course on this question justly entitles him. Let them regard him as one who is actuated by a pure love of his country and her institutions, and a sincere desire to benefit his fellow-men. That his efforts may be crowned with that success which alone can restore our already tarnished national honor, and vindicate our conduct in the eyes of the world, should be the prayer of every true American, and sincere lover of mankind.

M.

LETTERS FROM ENGLAND.

LETTER I.

London,—

MY DEAR HARRY :—Scarce recovered from the usual effects of a voyage, with my pedestals yet bearing indisputable proofs how transitory is an equilibrium on board of ship; and, withal, overwhelmed with the surplus of novelty which has burst upon my bewildered imagination, I have taken up the pen, more with a view to satisfy my trans-Atlantic friends of my existence, than with any defined idea of describing the scenes which have lately passed; if my language should appear somewhat incongruous, and the descriptions in a medley of confusion, like a bag of lottery tickets well shaken, I hope this will be a sufficient excuse.

It would be useless to enter into a detailed account of our daily disasters, our hopes and fears, and every minor incident, each of which, though an oasis in the desert to those at sea, would be uninteresting to you on shore, whose every hour is employed in some novelty; suffice it, that our voyage was a common one, such as you can read a description of in books of travels, whose name is legion, and written by every presumptuous youth who has crossed the Atlantic twice, outward and homeward; leaving you to the tender care of these officious voyageurs, I shall pass on to the time when the long expected and welcome sound of "land ho," was echoed fore and aft, from the mast-head to the depths of the hold.

Animal spirits rose upwards of a hundred per cent.; the cheerful yet sober look of the elder portion of our isolated community, the anxious countenances of the youthful landsmen, as, with a ludicrous emulation they rushed from the deck to the mast head; and the unrepressed and wild joy of the children, all told how welcome was the scent of the hay which came floating over the waters, far sweeter to them than the double distilled essence of the highest patronized accumulated perfumes which have appeared from the days of the Merry Monarch down to Count d'Orsay, inclusive.

The first land seen was the Coast of Devonshire, and the greenness which the water now assumed in lieu of the dark blue on which we had lately sailed, the short breaking waves, told plainly to the sailors, (of course the landsmen could not but profess their knowledge of the same phenomena,) that we were now sailing on the waters running between the coasts of those two hereditary foes, the French and English. The fineness of the weather at times allowed us to catch distant glimpses of either coast, but the wind being fair for a fine run up the channel we were not enabled to satisfy our eager curiosity; few, if any, of the landsmen allowed themselves to indulge in the necessary rest which nature required during the night that preceded our anchoring in the Downs.

And here, my dear Harry, was the first sight of that train of novelties to which I have before alluded. The wind having for the last fortnight been due West, and fair on passing up the channel, and London laying about 70 miles inland, consequently requiring an Easterly wind, the vessels which had arrived during the past fortnight, had here accumulated to the number of at least five hundred sail, all waiting a change of wind to carry them to their destination.

I have often read of the splendid array which such a fleet presents, but never could conceive one half of the grandeur of the scene; as we sailed into the midst, the medley of sizes and shapes, and the various colors of the flags which floated at the sterns, and the vast undulating forest of masts which surrounded us, could not but give me a strong impression of the vastness of the commerce of that port to which we were hastening.

To the left lay the romantic coast of Kent, with its chalk cliffs, supposed to be the highest on the island; these form a great essential of difference between the outward appearance of the British Isles and North America; unlike our own country, in which no chalk whatever is to be found, and the coast is low and rocky in the extreme, as I sailed along within sight of the southern shore of England, I could see nothing but a high range of chalk cliffs, so that from outward appearances I should infer that the inland country must be so choked with this heating substance, as to prevent vegetation, yet the county of Kent is celebrated for having the richest soil in the island.

On the right, it being low water, we could see the whole length of that insatiable grave-yard, the Goodwin Sands. For many centuries this has been the curse of all who have sailed those seas; the bark, which, escaping unhurt the whirlwinds and tornados of the Indies, and every danger which beset her on the broad ocean, returns with a rich cargo to reward the enterprise of her owners, here, almost within sight of the place from which she was launched, sinks, nor is the slightest vestige ever recovered to point the fatal spot; the array of fishing vessels which at sunrise is plying in peace and security its avocation, a few miles from the shore, at night is overtaken with a storm, blowing from the land, with no outlet to run to, and no port which it can reach, is drawn on to its relentless bosome, there to perish; and, in less than an hour, sinks to rise no more; such is the fate of hundreds every year. The sands are nearly parallel with the shore, and it is the space between, which forms the spacious anchoring-ground called the Downs.

It appears that these quicksands have not always been in existence: they take the name from Earl Godwin, or Goodwin, during whose life-time they formed a part of the main land, and, by some eruption of the earth, were severed and formed in their present shape; I understand that the princely house of Rothschilds offered to buy them of the British Government, in order to contrive some means for raising the many ships which have been lost, but for some reasons which I have not learned, their offer was not taken up.

We lay to in the Downs during three days, and you can imagine how anxiously I waited the change of wind, that I might be a spectator of this enormous fleet setting sail. At last I was gratified. As I came on deck one morning, just as the sun was notifying to another day that he was about to make his appearance, in place of the masts which had been hitherto bare, or save in places where a cautious master had hoisted his jib, in order that his head might be in the right direction when the wind changed, there appeared nothing but fluttering canvas interrupting the view all around; here a vessel somewhat in advance of her companions, was making her way through this medley scene, there another, dilatory, is but just heaving anchor. Our vessel being a good sailer, and having a smart master, soon made its way to the foremost rank and allowed me an opportunity of seeing the whole of this vast fleet, but this was of short duration, for soon passing a headland, we altered our course and entered the mouth of the Thames. The cliffs now decreased in height; the Isle of Sheppy and the mouth of the Medway, on the one side, and the distant view of the Essex coast on the other gradually opened more distinct; and with the aid of a good breeze, towards evening, the navy-yard of Woolwich was gained; anchoring here to wait the arrival of a tow-boat, and the shades of evening now drawing a veil before my curious gaze, I have betaken myself to my cabin and here have penned this epistle which I shall now close; hoping that the next will contain more instructive matter, I remain Yours, &c.

W. F.

THE TRUMPETER.

It was in the month of September, 1842, that I started on a visit to Niagara Falls. I took passage, on the Erie canal, in a line boat; a very nice one, and rather larger than boats in general. For this reason, there was a very large number of passengers on board, and, being rather crowded, they were, (as passengers are generally in such situations,) full of fun, and always ready for a frolic. In such a position, a passenger has to carry out a joke in good humor, for if he should get angry, woe be unto him. There is, generally, on such occasions, some one in particular, who is made the butt of ridicule by the rest. Such a one was a Frenchman, (Bonaparte, we called him,) who was loud in the praises of the "flower of France," as he termed Napoleon. He said that he had been through all the campaigns of Bonaparte from Italy to Waterloo, having been a trumpeter in the French army. As a proof of this, he showed the very identical trumpet with which he used to sound the blast of war, and which had so often inspired the French soldiers to meet death with a hurrah. And, sure enough, he seemed to be pretty near the truth, for it looked as if it had been through all the wars since the days of Adam. It was as black and bruised as it could possibly be, and be called a trumpet, which condition he attributed to the balls and smoke. He hung this trumpet in the cabin, that all might stop and ponder upon its wondrous history, but he would not allow a single person to touch it, nor would he even blow it himself, although very earnestly requested to do so. There it hung, as a text for him to brag upon; the pride of his heart, and, doubtless, the admiration of every beholder.

This Frenchman was tormented almost to desperation, in consequence of his being unable to take a joke in a good humored manner. Often, after falling into a deep sleep, has he been awakened from it, by the potent agency of a string, tied to his great toe, and fastened, at the other extremity, to the door-latch. He had considerable trouble, every morning, in finding his pantaloons, and, when found, they were generally tied up in a knot, enclosing any stray article that might have been within the reach of his persecutors, at the time of their perpetration of the joke.

The passengers had stuffed his trumpet with a more substantial substance than French wind, namely, dough, and had then baked it; unknown, of course, to the valiant trumpeter, who did not discover it, until we arrived on Tonamonda creek, within sight of Buffalo, the end of our journey. Then, for the first time, he brought forth his trumpet with the intention of sounding it, for the purpose of blowing a farewell blast to his persecutors. He stood upon the deck, proud to think that he had been a soldier of Napoleon, and more especially that he had been a trumpeter, and that he then held in his hand the very trumpet through which he had so often sounded the blast of war, and which had nerved the iron-hearted soldier on, to meet death at the cannon's mouth. It was that which led on the soldiers to follow their chief on the bridge of Arcola; it was that which nerved them on, upon the scorching sands of Egypt, where fame alone was their reward; it was that which warmed their hearts, and inspired them with courage, amid the cold and dreary Alpine rocks; it was that which heralded every new shout for France, on the bloody fields of Marengo and Borodino; it was that which led on the cavalry of Napoleon, to charge the iron ranks of Britain, even when hope was gone. There he stood, in a proud and commanding attitude; with his right foot forward, his head thrown back. He raised the trumpet to his lips, his cheeks swelled to an enormous size; he looked—and behold, 'his cake was dough!' B.

SONG OF THE COSMOPOLITE.

By restless spirit's stern commands,
A wanderer over many lands,
Midst strangers still I roam,
And yet, in every novel scene,
Or barren heights, or valleys green,
My thoughts will turn to home.

The mountain glen and fairy nook,
The swelling river, falling brook,
Where plays the mimic foam,
All point me to some well known spot,
Hard by the beauteous woodland cot,
My childhood's peaceful home.

Each passing glance of woman's eye,
Which from the heart can never fly,
Each act of kindness done,
But serve to point the stronger where
Erst in the pride of virtue fair,
A maiden's heart I won.

Nor can the glance of *present* fair,
From the fond heart that true love tear,
For her who 's far away;
On Memory's cheering page we find,
The greater length love's chains that bind,
But form a stronger stay.

Or by a gentle trade wind's breeze,
Sailing on o'er sunny seas,
With pure unspeckled sky,
And nought to wile the passing hour,
Save memory's all-sufficient power,
I'd think of days gone by.

But not alone my childhood's days
O'er memory's waste besprinkle rays,
And gloom's dark clouds dispel,
For there are times not so remote,
On which I full as truly dote,
As those which boyhood tell.

'T was in my rip'ning manhood's hour,
When Reason reached her full-grown power,
Ambition's flag unfurled,
And led by her enticing hand,
The mind decided, made its stand,
On love for all the world.

And now old age is creeping on,
The goal of hope will soon be won,
The spirit find its rest,
I've found that not one spot of earth
Can to contentment pure give birth,
And call it happiest.

W. F.

HONESTY AND SINCERITY.

It is acknowledged by most persons that among the elements of human character *moral principle* should hold the first and highest place. The intellect, noble and exalted though it may be, can only be so when exercised in accordance with the dictates of conscience and apart from them, may be turned to the basest account. What are talents without honesty?—What is eloquence without sincerity?—What are all the high acquirements of intellect, in comparison with the refined happiness, the pure and elevated satisfaction attending upon moral worth.

It would perhaps be useless, but hardly inappropriate, to point the sneerer at moral principle to the Creator of all things and the Author of all good. That

far-seeing intellect which man possesses, that powerful reason, that fine imagination, are solely human, and cannot be attributed to the Omnipotent and the All-wise. He sees—he *knows*—anything, everything. He needs not to be confined by those petty rules—that patient searching after cause and effect—the excelling in the exercise of which, constitutes the highest flight to which philosophy can aspire. But truth, and justice, and benevolence and sincerity—these all are attributes of the Almighty, and these all, in a less degree, are attainable by man. And he who upon earth, through evil report and through good report, in prosperity or in adversity, in wealth or in poverty, still follows on in the undeviating path of moral rectitude—who is sincere in all his words, and in every action displays honesty of principle—he only can be compared, though remotely, to that great and heavenly spirit “whose purpose never changes, whose words endure for ever.”

There are some who have scarcely any conception of a higher degree of moral worth, than that which restrains us from open violation of the laws of man, or from an indulgence of the grosser vices of which our nature is capable. They cannot perceive that the lack of principle which in one man prompts to stealing, or to worse crimes, manifests itself, ay, and perhaps more hurtfully, in him, who, placed by education, or by station in life, above the temptation to those offences of which the laws take cognizance, yet possesses an imperfect consciousness of those moral duties which humanity has a right to expect from all who bear its noble impress.

We should, each and all of us, bear in mind, that we have, individually, a higher and a holier end and aim, than the mere gratification of the sensual powers, and the maintenance of comfortable existence. We hold a station in society, however humble, we stand in certain relations to our fellow-men, we are all component units of one grand body. Be it our duty then, strictly to discharge the smallest—the most trivial duty attendant upon those relations. No matter though it be but a mite which we are called to contribute—that mite is *due*, and should be paid as exactly as though its influence would decide the fate of humanity. Nay, depend upon it, the least among us has moral duties which it will take some attention, some exercise of thought, some reflection, properly to discharge.

Even in our humble Association Rooms, consecrated, as they should be, to the cause of moral and intellectual improvement, we should not be unmindful of the requirements of honesty and sincerity. We should seek out and follow in that path which will lead most surely to the common end we have in view, and let no levity of conduct, no love of notoriety or distinction, no malicious or party feeling, and no wish for personal aggrandisement, step between us and the goal. We owe it to ourselves, our fellow-members, and to the continued welfare of our Institution. We owe it to the enduring and redeeming nature of truth.

I know that some may endeavor to laugh at the simplicity which would attach such importance to the maintenance of fair and upright dealing—which would, perhaps, be too exacting and too scrupulous with regard to the small portion of duty which may fall to our lot, and which would, perhaps, over estimate the influence which our conduct may have upon the world and upon ourselves, but let them remember that he who is lax with regard to small matters, is liable and likely to be so in large—that he who, overlooking the requirements which devolve upon him in his small office of life, yet thinks not to do so in a higher, is like the man in moderate circumstances, who

seizes greedily upon all that comes within his grasp, and holds it fast, without loosening the purse-strings of benevolence, satisfying his conscience the while with the reflection, that when riches shall be his, the poor too shall have their share. Like him, too, when greater advantages shall bring greater responsibilities, the same disregard will be felt for the requirements of duty.

The value of honesty and sincerity rests not entirely upon its inherent character of goodness, for stern experience should teach us, and would do so, were we not blind to our own interests, that honesty, besides being morally right, is always, in the end, the best policy. That the world in general are dishonest, may be true, and yet it will not conflict with the idea of the impolicy of that dishonesty in each individual case. What though the mistaken, but enormously powerful feeling of self-interest, seem to gloss over every crime, and sanctify every dishonest action in the eyes of the offending party, at the time of its commission, yet it does not drive all sense of goodness from the heart, far from it, for whenever the same circumstances occur again, and other parties are the actors in them, we are then as ready in condemning the dishonest practice, as we were formerly in making use of it ourselves. Thus is the principle of good still kept alive in our hearts, and hence public opinion, when separated from selfish considerations, is always on the side of honesty. Where is the dishonest and insincere man, who ever found that true happiness resulted from his actions? He may, indeed, gain wealth, power, and present honor, but all these, if falsely acquired and wrongfully applied, produce not happiness to their possessor. A man may hold wealth, but not all the riches in the world can give rise to those unequalled and unapproachable pleasures, which the consciousness of worth ever brings; he may possess power, but power unlimited can never be a source of pleasure to him who feels that that power is built only on the fears, the ignorance, or the weakness, of those over whom he has influence; he may possess honor, but how can that honor be a source of gratification to its recipient, however great it may be, when he knows that that honor has no foundation, may be disturbed by every passing wind, and must pass away, sooner or later before the progress of truth.

I would instance, in corroboration of the assertion that the world, however dishonest, yet justly appreciates the nature of honesty and sincerity, when considered apart from their own selfish views, the case of the famous, or, rather, the infamous, Aaron Burr. That man possessed great intellectual capacity, displayed transcendent ability, and gained honor, distinction, and influence. But not all these have saved him from the scorn and contempt of all time, nay, even the dishonest man himself becomes traitor to his own lack of principle, when contemplating the character of such a man, and joins in execration upon his head, while he turns to invoke a blessing upon the name of Washington or of Franklin, thus paying an involuntary tribute to the enduring principle of good.

Surely, we should learn from this *that it is to our interest* to be upright in all our doings. We may not figure in the same sphere of action with Aaron Burr, but the same principle we shall surely find is at work through every station of society, and in whatever rank we may be placed, we shall, if honest, gain the esteem and respect even of the evil-disposed, and, if dishonest, not only theirs, but also all good men's displeasure.

W.

He who cannot forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he himself must pass, for every man has need to be forgiven.

LIFE OF AN APPRENTICE.

It was on a fine summer evening in July, 1820, that a party of boys and girls were collected around a large oak tree, that stood in the centre of a New England village. In the centre of the group was a young man, of about fifteen years, who appeared to be the principal feature of the scene. The youths and maidens had assembled to bid their companion a last farewell, prior to his departure for New York, to commence life as a printer. Many times had that venerable tree been the witness of such scenes, but the present seemed to cast a blight over the spirits of all who were assembled there. Henry Foster had been their companion from childhood, and parting from him was to them like a separation from that which was an essential to their existence. His thoughts, however, were uncommonly cheerful, for they were bent upon the contemplation of that happiness which he expected to derive from a residence in so gay, so busy and bustling a city as New York. At length the hour had arrived when they must bid a last adieu to their friend, and retire to their homes, only to miss him at the daily meal or the evening diversion. Each in their turn had shaken him warmly by the hand, and all had left him, but one. She lingered behind, unable to say that sad word—farewell. Henry Foster had been to her more than a companion; how could she leave him without dwelling with pleasure on the thought of the many happy hours they had passed together—strolling hand in hand over the green fields, and listening to the music of the singing birds. But they did part,—and the recollection of that parting will long dwell in the memories of both.

The next morning our hero was on the road to New York. His letters of recommendation soon procured him a situation, and now behold him an inhabitant of that great metropolis.

By unwearied industry and punctuality to his business, the time passed away rapidly and pleasantly. Occasionally there would happen some little event to make him uneasy, but by patience it was soon overcome. He had been at his trade about two years, when, having obtained leave of absence from his employer, he set out upon a fortnight's visit to his home. With a light heart he bade his fellow apprentices adieu, and jumped into the stage which was to bear him to his friends. As he entered his native village, how vividly those places were brought to his remembrance, where he had spent the pleasant hours of his early youth. There was the pond where he had skated many a cold wintry evening with his companions; here had stood the schoolhouse where he received the first elements of learning, but which had been destroyed to make way for a more modern building. There stood the old oak tree, under whose wide-spreading branches he had exchanged the last farewell with his friends. Would he find them all enjoying the blessings of life? Had none been called away during his absence? These were questions he dared not answer.

At length the stage stopped at his father's door, and in a moment, he was in the arms of his anxiously expectant family. Father, brother, sister, all must have 'a hug,' as his little brother called it, before any thing else was thought of. We doubt whether a king ever sat down to a more joyful supper, than did that family on the evening when our hero returned from his two years' absence. Supper was soon dispatched, and he hastened to pay a visit to his old friends—among whom was one who occupied a more than friendly place in his affections. He found them all well, and all were glad to see him. Numerous were the gay parties given to celebrate his return, and he received so kind a welcome on every side, that his fortnight's leave of absence passed away far more quickly than

he had ever dreamed of. The time again arrived when he was once more to take leave of his friends, and he returned to New York, invigorated and refreshed by his happy visit, and prepared to enter with new spirit and redoubled industry upon his daily labors.

At length his term of apprenticeship expired, and he was to commence life anew, his own master. During the time that had elapsed since his arrival in New York, he had gained many friends, among whom were some wealthy merchants, who had remarked Henry's unwearied diligence and strict attention to his trade. Several of these merchants came forward, and offered to furnish him with capital to commence business for himself. As printing-offices were then comparatively few, and as the demand for books was increasing, he accepted their kind offer. A company in the city, who had a large amount of printing done in the course of a year, offered him their work, which was thankfully received, and he cleared by it an immense profit. By degrees his business increased, and, at length, he was obliged to enlarge his office. His inflexible integrity and steady perseverance, combined with the talent which he displayed on various occasions, when his services were called for apart from the business community, attracted the notice of his fellow citizens, who soon learned to look upon him as one who was capable of filling a high, and a responsible station.

But we must not forget to mention, while relating this part of our hero's career, that he never ceased his correspondence with his first and only love, Ellen Harwood. Through all his successes, he never once lost sight of the scene of happiness which his fancy had long since painted; a scene in which his Ellen was the most conspicuous object. And now that all his prospects were so bright before him, the realization of his long-sought happiness needed but the presence of that one object to render it complete. He at once resolved to unburden his whole heart to her who had ever been the aim of his existence and the anchor of his hopes. Suffice it to say, they were married, and two persons seldom enjoyed more perfect happiness than Henry Foster and his young wife.

Let us pass over the events of a dozen years, and arrive at the present. The youth who left his native village in 1820, to seek a livelihood in New York, by industry and honorable dealings with all men, is now the possessor of one of the largest establishments in the city, and looked upon as one of the most influential persons in the state. His friends have some ideas of nominating him to fill the office of governor, but he thinks a life of political strife one not befitting his disposition, and would rather wait a few years longer.

Such, reader, was the career of one, who, in all his transactions, was "just, and feared not." Let every apprentice follow his wise example, and sooner or later, he will reap his reward. x.

WE NEGLECT THE GREATER TO ADMIRE THE LESS.

We have all of us read and assented to a great deal of beautiful language expended in glowing praise of the beauties of Nature; and we fatigue our physical powers in ascending a high mount to gaze on them. From its top we see them all spread out to our enraptured view. The sloping hillocks, the verdant vales, the murmuring brooklets, the leafy woods, combining in lovely harmony the music of zephyrs and of birds, the bending grass and the waving grain, the extended view interspersed with little villages, in all of which we never miss the red school-house and the white church spire,—such a spectacle, which

we have all of us no doubt beheld more than once—is calculated, and well calculated too, to inspire us with admiration and reverence of the works of that Creator who has given us this beautiful world to live in. We think that nothing can surpass the sublimity and beauty of these works of God;—and yet we never think to look WITHIN, to admire, and thank our Maker for that work of all—HUMAN MIND!

We bring Art to the aid of Nature, to add to its original and native beauty, the charms of ornament and the benefits of utility. The soil is made to yield its flowers to delight our vision, and its fruits to satisfy our physical wants. We spend a whole life in improving it, and snatching its bounties, and forget what a rich soil we are permitting to run waste. We think it a fine and a mysterious thing to put the seed into the earth and behold it spring to life and bring forth fruit without any agency of our own;—yet we culpably forget that if in the spring-time of life we would expend half the labor to sow the mind with good seed, it would yield a far more abundant and richer harvest in its autumn.

Botany and Agriculture we make the study and occupation of a whole life—but the improvement of the mind merely the casual amusement of the moment.

We bring the gem from the mine and give it to the lapidary, to render its hidden beauties apparent to our dazzled sense;—yet we leave the gem of mind so mixed up with the ore in which we find it, that its truly intrinsic beauty fails to attract us.

All this, in a general application, every one will admit to be correct—and, in stating it, I have endeavored to be brief, for the force of a moral is too often lost, in the impatience of waiting for its point.

Now I have no objection to offer this homage to the beauty of God's works as spread out before us in the book of Nature;—it exhibits good feelings, and a commendable spirit. But if it be an object to lavish so much admiration, and so much labor, on the outward and visible, why should we not admire and improve the inward and invisible, and far more important? Why should we regard what is, after all, merely extrinsic, and reject the really intrinsic. Matter, which is ever subservient to Mind, should not be regarded as its superior. And is it sensible to give a life of labor to the cultivation of that soil which contributes merely to our physical wants, and neglect that far richer soil which constitutes all our mental and moral wealth.

D. A. B.

THE KNIGHT'S MOURNING.

When the news came to king James VI. of Scotland, that his mother, the unfortunate Mary Stuart, had been beheaded, by order of queen Elizabeth, he summoned his court to appear before him in mourning, on which occasion, one knight attended in complete armor, as the fittest method of showing his deep sense of the wrong which had been committed. The following lines were prompted by a reading of the above history.

King James sat in his royal court
In ancient Holyrood,
And all his faithful lords and knights
Around in mourning stood;
In sable mourning, for the fate
Of Scotland's beauteous queen,
"The noblest of the Stuart race,
The fairest earth has seen."

The gloomy darkness of his brow,
The fierceness of his eye,
Told of deep sadness, bitter hate,
Determination high;
But look! no humble mourner he
Who enters that high hall;
Who is the fearless man that thus
Obeys his monarch's call?

An armed knight, encased around
From head to foot in steel;
He does not look as aught of woe
Or sorrow he could feel!
But listen to his burning words,
As, bowing low his head,
Before his monarch's throne he pours
His tribute to the dead

"My liege, let others bring their words,
And outward signs of grief—
The deep-set anguish of my heart
Can brook not such relief;
I cannot shed the bitter tear
That only sorrow pours,
For anger mingles with my woe,
And points me to its cause.

"The murder of our gracious queen,
And England's guilt, demands
More than a short-lived fleeting gush
Of sorrow at our hands:
No! deep and lasting be our hate,
And vengeance be our cry,
And let us rise and strike the foe,
Or in revenging, die!

"For me, when blood-red battle-fields,
Shall quench my vengeance-thirst,
Then shall the burning drops of woe,
From forth my eye-lids burst;
And till that saddened hour shall come,
At head of armed band
My mourning be the coat of mail,
And sheathless battle-brand."

W.

MECHANIC APPRENTICES' LIBRARY INSTITUTE.

It is a venerable place,
An old, ancestral ground,
So many ancient bricks and stones
Within its lordly bound,
And all about that small expanse
A sidewalk runneth round.

Upon a gentle slope of land,
Mid clumps of houses tall,
Removed from out the busy street,
Half hidden 'mongst them all,
In quiet dignity there rests
An ancient manor hall.

Around its many gable ends
The swallow wheels its flight;
And, when its friends are gathered there,
'T is quite a pleasant sight;
For the little meeting spreads around
A comfortable light.

The young mechanic seems to love
That venerable place,
And, when he thinks upon its worth,
He's proud to see its face;
In his fond eyes, at least, 't is full
Of majesty and grace.

And what though riches do not lend
Their ever-powerful might,
And lack of gold, and lack of friends,
Bring on the shades of night—
One consolation yet remains—
Its cause is in the right.

A YOUNG MEMBER.

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